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TYCI ZINE #1

featuring

(OH) DEAR CATASTROPHE WAITRESS

PATTY SCHEMEL DOC 'HIT SO HARD'

HONEYBLOOD

THE GREAT WALL OF VAGINA

FREE

words: Dara McLure

(OH) DEAR CATASTROPHE WAITRESS

JUST like many of my fellow graduates, I'm a waitress at the moment. Sorry, I mean service personnel of course. Believe it or not, I enjoy my job too: someone pays me to do exercise, chat to (well, often at) people and I get to blast my favourite music through an excellent sound system and eat as much delicious grub as I like. As a young woman in the need of some time and money to think about the next step in my life, it's the perfect job. Nonetheless, waitressing has a very distinct downside: as soon as you put that pinny on, you are instantly sexualised.

For a couple of years I thought it was great. Even as an awkward teenager I would get hit on five times a day (and then some), my self-confidence sky-rocketed and the more I smiled coyly the more tips I got, it was really that easy. Hell, someone even wrote me a love poem in French once. Lately however I've accumulated a number of regulars/ borderline stalkers, and it has made me reassess the whole flirt-uation.

I realised that the customer always wants to be in a position of control. This of course seems obvious: s/he comes to a restaurant or bar to get exactly what s/he wants, when s/he wants it. However, this control goes further. As a menial waitress, certain assumptions are made about your education, capabilities and availability. This customer wants to know that s/he is better, smarter, cooler and richer than you. I realise that this is not true of all customers, and those reading right now on such a platform as TYCI are highly unlikely to sexually harass anyone, let alone a waitress. Nonetheless, the phenomenon is disappointingly widespread, as I've discovered in a few waitressing stints across western Europe.
Very unscientifically, here are my findings:

cont...

SCOTLAND

Some creeps, but no touching (thank you, British coldness). A lot of 'darling' and 'sweetness' thrown about and my explanations about the buildings, establishments or rules were not trusted until confirmed by a man.
A couple of creepy stalker types and every two or three days someone would ask me what I was doing after my shift. Chucking-out time always had to be handled by a man as people simply did not listen to me or my female colleagues.
Manual labour was shared equally although deep-cleaning was often rather left to 'the girls'.

CONCLUSION: The shorter the skirt, the bigger the tip.

FRANCE

Much more intense. I started to wonder if 'yeux' was a slang word for tits as people repeatedly complimented my eyes while staring at my chest. Three customers declared undying love for me and another wrote me a love poem. Another invited me for a threesome with him (63 years old) and his son (36). About once a day someone would put their hand on my waist as I took their order. Two went in for a proper kiss in the middle of the restaurant (yes, they were both drunk). I was never asked anything not to do with the menu.
Girls were under no circumstances expected to change kegs, carry heavy things or deal with difficult customers. I was once however asked to sit on a regular's lap, because he was cold. All this in a four-month stint in the city of love.

CONCLUSION: The shorter the skirt, the bigger the tip.

GERMANY

Nobody touches my waist but a lot of people touch my hands. Surprisingly, the patronising German equivalents of 'darling' or 'sweetie' are mainly thrown around by women rather than men but are similarly only used for females. The stalkers accumulate a little faster but mostly remain polite and respectful. Being directly asked out happens more than in Scotland but much, much less than in France. As a foreigner in a city with relatively minimal ethnic diversity however, men often offer to show me the city and teach me about their culture. Almost without fail, male customers will guffaw when I try to recommend a whisky (Ahm Scottish ye eejit, ah kannae play fitbaw bit I ken ma drams) and positively laugh when I recommend a beer. Information about the venue is never trusted until confirmed by a male colleague or even another (male) customer. The stairs in the restaurant provide an unfortunate opportunity for customers to stare at my arse and then knowingly comment that they must be great 'erm, muscle-training exercise'. Even I cringe when they say that.
Manual labour and cleaning are divided equally, regardless of gender.

CONCLUSION: The shorter the skirt, the bigger the tip.

THINKING ABOUT PORNOGRAPHY

words: Ana Hine

WHAT does pornography have to do with discussions of feminist art? Everything. When we talk about 'feminist' art (if there is such a thing) then we're usually talking about art that deals with issues of sex and gender. Pornography encapsulates this definition.

It is difficult for us now, as feminists in the twenty-tens, to think about pornography objectively. We don't tend to discuss it as a genre of film, or book, or photograph; but as a separate entity altogether. We also have a tendency to over-emphasise its importance compared to other media.

We can dismiss pornography because it degrades women. Andrea Dworkin's delightful book 'Pornography: Men Possessing Women' introduced that idea to mainstream consciousness, and feminism as a movement has found itself either accepting or reacting against that claim ever since. For Dworkin, all pornography is a captured and continued moment of violence against women. She describes the camera as perpetuating the same violence against women as, "the penis for which it substitutes." Not only is this an incredibly reductive message about men, it completely misrepresents pornography.

ANDREA DWORKIN

Pornography can be a brilliant portal into the sexual fantasies that human beings have. Any and every sexual preference and quirk is catered for if you're willing to look hard enough for it. Like to watch men masturbating? Or chubby people? Or female to male transsexuals? Your niche is out there. How can that not be sexually liberating? There is also a booming queer/feminist porn scene, just waiting for the wider feminist movement to recognise and accept it. In the UK, the nineties director Anna Span springs to mind. Her titles, including 'Toy With Me' and 'A and O Department', are available online or can be ordered in from most good sex shops. Q Store in Edinburgh even has some in stock.

After all, sex itself is not obscene if it is between consenting adults. While there are a tiny minority of exceptions to that rule, in general most sexual acts are legal to perform in private among consenting adults. When recording devices are introduced, however, the law and our perception of the acts changes. What is it about photographing, filming, or even talking about sexual acts that makes the recounting and recording different from the act itself?

It could be that we still consider sex to be a private, personal thing and sharing it with an audience of any sort is a violation of the intimacy of sex. Does that really sound progressive to you? I can't help but feel that there's more to sex - and art - than that.

Honeyblood are an exciting new two-piece from Glasgow. Guitarist and co-vocalist Stina Tweeddale answered some of our questions, and confirmed that amp + stairs + pencil skirt = total 'mare.

WHO ARE HONEYBLOOD?

Honeyblood are a crunch-pop duo who live in Glasgow. One is a Scot and the other a Kiwi.

HOW DID YOU GET TOGETHER?

I had written some songs and knew what Honeyblood was to be, I was just looking for girls who wanted to play the style that I wanted. Rah handed her CV into the rehearsal studio that I used to practise in and the manager gave it to me. After that we didn't actually meet for a couple of months in Bloc where it was Line Dancing at first sight on the dance floor. It was then that we decided to play together.

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE HONEYBLOOD SOUND?

Bitterly Sweet Noise Pop.

WHAT BANDS / ARTISTS HAVE INFLUENCED YOU?

So many, but we share a mutual love for The Breeders. We also grew up listening to Hole and PJ Harvey. I guess that's where our sound comes from.

HONEYBLOOD

WHAT'S THE BEST PART OF BEING IN A BAND?

Making a racket. Music is the best part of being in a band.

ANY ADVICE YOU'D LIKE TO GIVE OTHER WOMEN GETTING INTO THE MUSIC INDUSTRY?

Always make music because it's fun.

YOU'VE DONE QUITE A FEW SHOWS OF LATE, PLAYING SOME VICE NIGHTS AND OPENING FOR PINS. ANY GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL STORIES?

Ha! The time that I fell down the stairs in Victoria Subway Station in London carrying an amp in a pencil skirt was maybe not rock 'n' roll but it was definitely a bad idea. We won't be doing that again any time soon.

WHAT IS THE ULTIMATE DREAM GIG LINE-UP YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE A PART OF?

We would just nab the Deal sisters, Kim and Kelly. Or we would be happy being a backing band for Kate Bush.

Honeyblood will be releasing their single 'Biro' soon. Keep an eye on yumhoneyblood.tumblr.com for more information.

HIT SO HARD

PATTY SCHEMEL DOCUMENTARY WARRANTS CLOSER INVESTIGATION

WHEN YOU THINK OF HOLE, you most likely see in your mind's eye Courtney Love, the blonde, foul-mouthed sometime powerhouse of a front woman and present day 'celebrity for miscellaneous things'.

Hit So Hard focuses on Hole's second drummer Patty Schemel, who joined the band for their 1994 breakout sophomore record, Live Through This. From then until she was unceremoniously ousted from the line-up by producer Michael Beinhorn in favour of a session drummer for 1998's Celebrity Skin, Schemel was at the epicentre of all the personal chaos the band became renowned for, which was more than a little related to booze and drugs. The heavy lifestyle took its toll on Schemel's addictive personality and she ended up penniless, homeless and hooking to score within a year of leaving the group.

P. David Ebersole's documentary gathers an impressive array of interviewees for the film, speaking to Schemel's mother and brother as well as reassembling the pre-Celebrity Skin line-up for personal testimonials. There are plenty of female drumming legends on show too, including The Bangles' Debbi Peterson, Fanny's Alice de Buhr and former Beastie Boys drummer Kate Schellenbach.

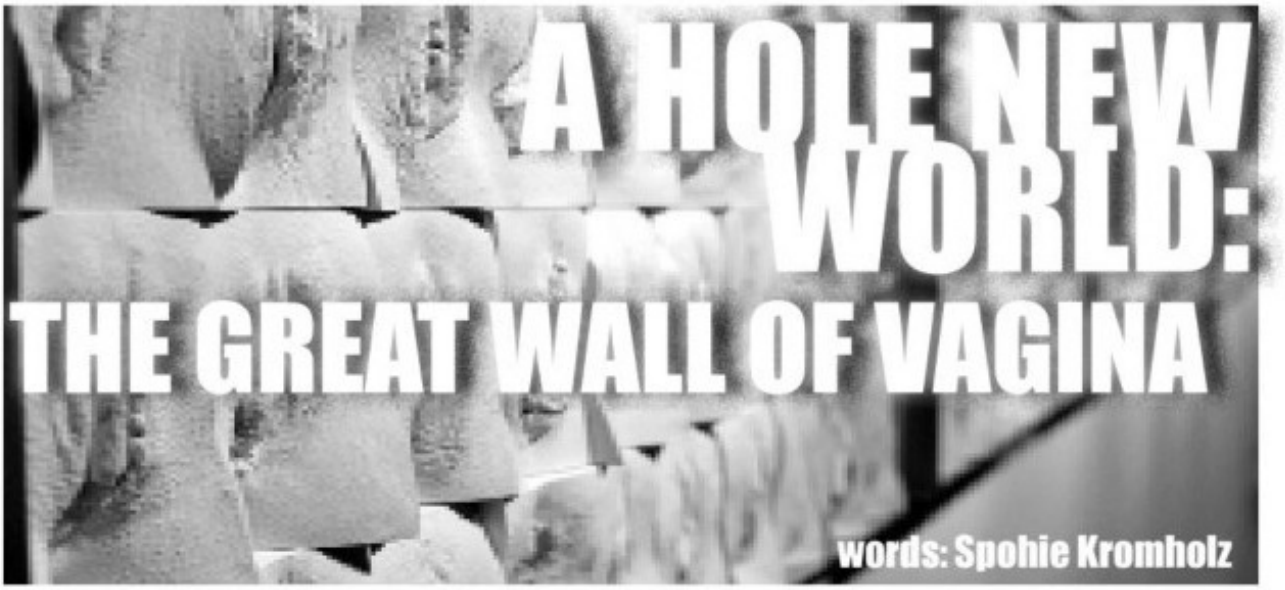
The film does feel scattered at points, unsure of how to bring in information about Kurt Cobain

"Schemel was at the epicentre of the personal chaos the band became renowned for"

and Courtney Love without either making this the whole story, or allowing Schemel's tale of survival to pale in comparison to that, and the fatal overdose of former bass player Kristen Pfaff during the same time period. Home movies of Schemel with Cobain, Love and their child are interspersed with talking heads discussing where they were the day Cobain died, with less focus put on the fact that Live Through This was released four days after the suicide.

Slow-motion footage of the deceased and potentially irritating quotes-as-title-sequences appear at regular intervals throughout the film, saved mainly by the fact that Schemel herself, now six years sober, comes across so well, addressing incredibly sensitive issues in a self-effacing and honest manner. It is her sometime-bandmates who are less sympathetically portrayed, having watched their drummer be banished without much more than a shrug.

words: Lauren Mayberry



HOW MANY VAGINAS HAVE YOU SEEN?

The answer to this question will depend on context, much like everything else – it will include your sexual preference, experience and many other factors. Regardless, even if you consider yourself to be something of a connoisseur, it is unlikely that you won't have at least some preconceived notions about what a vagina is and should look like. The vagina does not have an open platform – it is shrouded in mystery (and pants).

Vaginas are furthermore generally not celebrated. Various synonyms for them are used as derogatory terms and otherwise the vagina is a rather undiscussed taboo organ. Artist Jamie McCartney, one man, with a vision, is ready to change you, what you thought you knew about vaginas - how you thought they looked and what they really look like. The homogenous vagina is a lie.

McCartney is the man behind The Great Wall of Vagina – a 9 metre long polyptych art installation (set up on ten separate panels) which consists of as many as four hundred plaster casts of individual vulvas. The casts have been made from the nether regions of women from a diverse net, including an age range of 18 through 76 years old, pre and post natal, pre and post labiaplasty, and transgendered men.

Please note it is not an erotic exploration, but rather and opportunity "to stare without shame but in wonder and amazement at this exposé of human variety."

"THE HOMOGENOUS VAGINA IS A LIE."

Why, you might ask is anyone, let alone a man, compelled to create such a project. In the artist's own words: "For many women their genital appearance is a source of anxiety and I was in a unique position to do something about that." With the Great Wall of Vagina, McCartney is showing that there is no right or wrong, there is simply: vagina, in all its variety and form.

The show has toured Brighton, Berlin and London. Has your interest been peeked? Would you like to participate in the show? For more information and honest images please visit the project's website: ***www.greatwallofvagina.co.uk***

Finally, as Banksy noted, we now exit art shows through the giftshop, and so in the name of capitalism, and because vaginas are awesome, get yourself a Great Wall of Vagina mug - "Breakfast will never be the same again".

at Bloc, 117 Bath Street, Glasgow

TYCI (www.tyci.org.uk) is a brand new collective dedicated to exploring and celebrating all things femme.

TYCI stands for Tuck Your Cunt In. The meaning is something akin to a feminine version of 'man up'. Sorting yourself out. Taking charge of your own destiny. Pulling yourself up by the bootstraps and bloody well getting things done – and this is exactly what we hope to achieve.

Run by women, we aim to provide an open forum in which to discuss news and current affairs, art, music and film, pop culture and political issues which affect us in every day life, as well as interviews, opinion pieces and the odd bit of giggling and japes, providing a place to share ideas and make connections.

This zine is a collection of some of the content from our website and is distributed in conjunction with our monthly live event at Bloc. We hope to create a platform for female DJs, MCs and musicians, showcasing both local and international talent in an environment far removed from the 'taps aff' gig nights which have become commonplace in Glasgow venues in recent years (Too. Much. Testosterone. Must. Find. Air…)

If you would like to get involved, reply to any of our articles or just generally say hi, hit us up on: contact.tyci@gmail.com